

1865 DECEMBER 1909

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

A monthly magazine devoted to the interest of
the child, the progress of the Sunday School
and the enlightenment of the home



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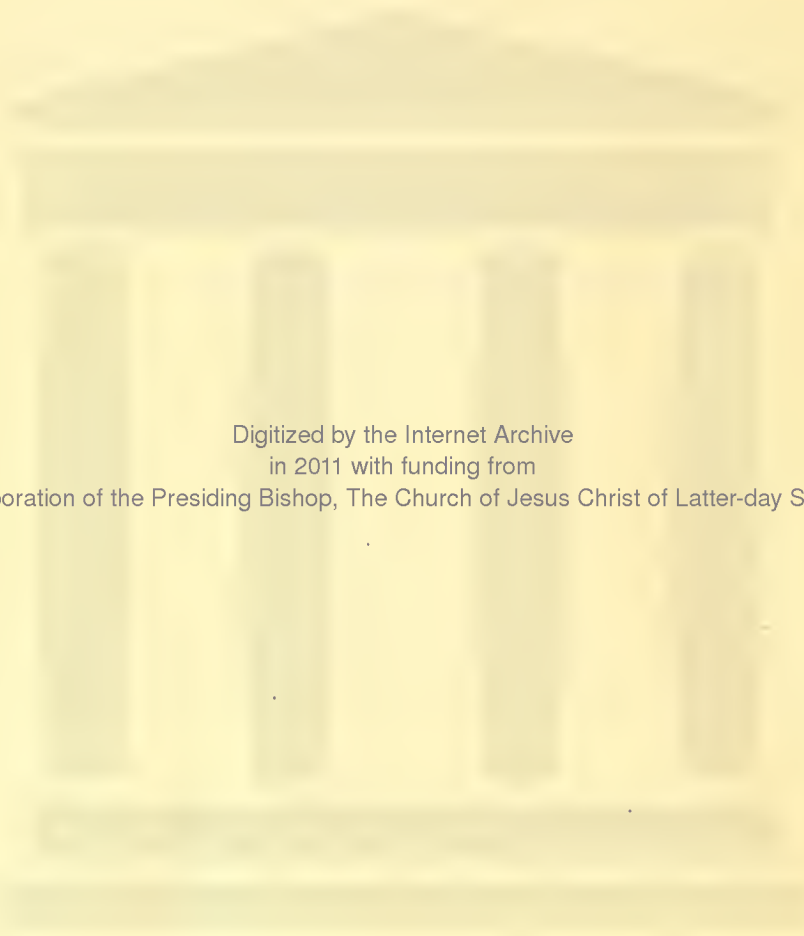
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From painting by J. Leo Fairbanks.
THE WORLDLY WISE—THE MAGI GO TO JERUSALEM—THE STAR LEADS TO BETHELEHEM.

The Christmas Fairy.

Katie Grozer.

"Papa, won't you give us some money to buy our Christmas presents?" coaxed Norah, putting her arm about her father's neck.

Papa laid aside the magazine he was reading, and smiled into Betty's gray eyes and Norah's brown ones, then drew out his purse.

"Yes, little girlies, I am going to give you each five dollars, and I want you both to use your own judgment in spending it so as to get the most good out of it. Then on Christmas morning we shall decide which one of you has spent her money to the best advantage."

"I know already what I'm going to get," said Norah, nodding her head, and holding out her eager little hand for the shining gold piece.

"Now, Betty, you know your failing," warned papa, as the little girl put her money carefully down in the depths of her tiny red purse. "Don't go and throw your Christmas money away on the first beggar you meet. See how much true happiness it can give."

Betty sighed and screwed up her pretty blonde face into a troubled frown.

"I'll try papa. I'll try to be as wise as wise. I'm going to ask mamma to let us go right down town now, and get our Christmas presents before I go and give away my money or lose it in any way."

Mamma was willing for them to go; so Norah and Betty donned their warm coats and dainty ermine furs which Santa Claus had brought a year ago, and next thing they were out in the cold, crisp air waiting for the down town car.

On reaching Main Street it was agreed between them that they should separate, and each make her Christmas purchases and then meet again in an hour and a half at the corner drug store.

"Now don't go and give your money to an organ man as you did the last time when we went to get mamma a birthday present," said Norah as she parted with Betty. "Do be careful."

"O don't tell me so many times," cried Betty, shaking her curly head with vexation, "or I shall be sure to do something awful. I don't like money anyway, 'cause it's such a terrible 'sponsibility."

She trudged off down the street, pausing to gaze into each prettily decorated shop window, but undecided as to what she should buy.

"There is papa, and mamma, and sister, and auntie, and the wash-woman, and the postman, and—oh dear, so many others. I want to get something for each one of them. I think I'll have to get my presents at the ten cent store if I have something for everybody."

She paused again before a big

window whose alluring display of costly and beautiful gifts was causing swarms of people to enter its doors.

"O Tom, I choose this window with the dolls, and you can have that one where Santa Claus is coming down the chimney," said a shrill little voice. "Do you think, Tom, he will find us this Christmas?"

"I don't know, Nannie," answered a boy's voice. "I don't go very much on him. Guess he don't have much use for orphans."

Betty pushed her way in front, where she could get a better view of this boy who talked so discouragingly. When she saw his thin hungry face and still thinner ragged clothes, and the tiny half-starved Nannie whose hand he held so tightly, her sympathies went out to them with a bound, and she edged her way still closer.

"Santa Claus came last year when mamma was here," said Nannie, "and we wasn't cold and hungry then like we are now. Do you think she knows?"

"Not much," said Tom. "Why, she just couldn't stay in heaven if she knew. I'm going to buy that bootblack outfit of Pete as soon as I can earn the money selling papers, and then sis, we'll get rich. You can have all the puddin' and chicken you can eat then, and one of them big dolls what goes to sleep, and—"

"I want them all r'ight now," declared Nannie beginning to cry. "I'm cold, and I'm starving. Can't we have something warm, Tom, please?"

The boy's face turned pale under its grime.

"Don't cry, Nannie, and don't think about being hungry. I promised ma I'd be honest. See Nan-

nie, look in this window at this big doll."

"I'm hungry," wailed Nan, her tears falling fast down her piteous little face. "If mamma was here she'd get me something. She told you to take care of me, Tom, don't you 'member?"

"Yes, and I mean to do it," declared Tom, a desperate look shadowing his young face. It ain't right for us to be hungry when there's so much to eat right around us. Wait here, Sissie, and Buí will be back in a minute."

"Where are you going, Tom?"

"To find Santa Claus," laughed the boy, as he turned away, when suddenly a small gloved hand seized hold of his ragged coat-sleeve, which frightened him so much that he didn't try to get away. He was very much disgusted with himself, however, when on looking up he saw that it was only a timid curly-headed girl who was detaining him.

"Please don't do it, Tom," said Betty, impulsively. "I heard you, and I don't want you to do anything bad. Here, take this purse. All that is in it belongs to me to do as I please with, and I want you and your little sister to have it. Good-bye. A merry Christmas to you both."

Waving her hand to the two astonished, speechless children, Betty hurried away down the street without a pause until she reached the drug store where she was to await her sister. It was not until she got inside and sat down to think it over that she began to wonder and question as to what the family would say when they found out what she had done.

She walked over to the window to watch for Norah when she saw coming down the street the two little waifs whose hearts she had

made glad. But what took her breath, and made her heart beat pit-a-pat was to see around little Nan's neck a beautiful white fur which looked very much like her own. Impulsively her hand stole to her neck. Alas, her fur—her expensive Christmas fur was gone!

"Tom, Tom, come here, please," she called, running outside and waving her hand to attract the children's attention. They seemed to both hear and see her for they stopped short in their quick walk, then turned around and ran hand in hand back down the street, and turned the corner out of sight.

"O. how mean!" gasped Betty, turning quite pale, while tears of disappointment gathered in her eyes. "I didn't think it of them. Now what will papa say? But I won't tell on them, no, for papa would be so angry he might have poor Tom put in prison."

When Norah came into the drug store with several neat oblong parcels some time later, she found a very unhappy-looking, tearful-faced Betty staring sadly out of the window.

"Why Betty, dear, where are your Christmas presents? Didn't you get any? Have you gone and given all that money away just like you always do? What will papa say?"

"I've lost my fur, too," sobbed Betty. "I never want to see any more money. It's a dreadful 'sponsibility, and makes lots of trouble."

She thought so more than ever after she reached home, and the family had been informed by the indignant Norah of the disappearance of money and fur.

In vain they questioned and finally demanded her to tell what she could. Betty looked very pale and sad, but kept her lips tightly closed;

and declared with great determination that she couldn't tell them anything.

The little girl was glad to go to bed even though she went in disgrace and with no goodnight kiss from papa who sternly turned away when she timidly approached him.

"Papa is disappointed in me," thought Betty, trying to suppress her sobs as she crept into bed, "and I am disappointed in those children. I thought if I gave him the money he wouldn't be tempted to steal when he had promised his mother he wouldn't. What a lot of trouble we are all in. Well, I'm going to sleep, and leave God to straighten it out. He can."

On Christmas morning both papa and mamma dear expected a full confession from their little daughter, but though she kissed them and thanked them for all beautiful Christmas gifts which they gave her with the same loving tenderness which they had always shown, still Betty's lips were silent.

"I got a book for each one of you, and had enough left to get one for myself," said Norah, proudly. "They are Louisa Alcott's books, and the whole family can read and enjoy them. Wasn't my choice a wise one, papa?"

"Rather a selfish one, I fear, daughter," said papa who well knew that there was nothing Norah enjoyed so much as to read. "You haven't learned the true Christmas spirit yet, Norah. Who will get the most pleasure out of your Christmas gifts?"

Norah hung her head, and blushed. She realized now how selfish had been her motive in buying these four fascinating books which she had longed to read ever since she saw them at the home of a girl friend.

"Now Betty, tell us what you did with your money?" suddenly demanded papa. "We have waited long enough."

"Papa, please don't ask," begged Betty. "Don't think me naughty—but I just cannot tell."

"There, there, dear, don't cry," said mamma soothingly. "Papa, dear, we aren't going to have our Christmas spoilt by unpleasant things, so let the matter rest. Betty come with me, and we'll go and get the turkey in the oven, and boil the plum pudding, while papa and Norah go for a walk. I have a basket of fruit and cake and other eatables which I want you to take to the poor family down the street."

"Well, well, who are these?" questioned papa in great surprise as he opened the hall door onto the porch.

"I want Betty Dean, 408 H Street," said a boy's voice, at which Betty gave a little scream and ran to the door pell-mell, and threw her arms around the little street urchin who stood there bearing a white fur in his awkward arms, while clinging to him with a frightened air was a tiny thin-faced girl.

"O, Tom, is it you?" cried Betty, pulling him into the room. "I'm so glad to see you. And you've brought back my fur, and you are honest, aren't you?"

"Bet I am," declared Tom, stoutly. "You dropped your fur the other day just as you left us, and we ran after you, but Nan fell down, and we lost you. We walked a ways, then gave it up and went back. I found your name and this number in your purse, so we came here today."

"I'm so glad," repeated Betty, her sweet face all smiles and dimples now, "but gladder than all else that you are honest."

"Mebbe I wouldn't have been," confessed Tom, his cheeks flushing, "if you hadn't given me that money so I could buy the bootblack outfit, and get a start."

"So now we know all," said papa Dean, patting Betty on the head. "My brave little girl, I am quite proud of you."

"Tom and Nan must come in to the parlor and see the Christmas tree," said mamma, taking them by the hands, "and then stay and have dinner with us."

That Christmas dinner was like a wonderful dream to the two hungry, orphan children. They ate everything set before them, until their little stomachs could hold no more, and their poor starved bodies felt warm and comfortable.

"Tom, how would you like to go to a business school, and then work in my office after school hours?" asked Betty's papa, just as dinner was drawing to a close.

"O, I'd like that bully," cried Tom, gulping down his last spoonful of ice-cream, at the same time wishing his stomach were large enough to make room for another piece of nut cake and a jelly tart. "But there's Nan, sir, I couldn't leave her."

"Nan, too, can go to school, and you can both come and stay with me," spoke up Aunt Beulah, who had no children of her own to share her big home. "I have fallen in love with this dear little Nan and she has promised to come and be my little girl if I'll take Tom. too, she says. I don't think I shall be sorry, for you both seem nice children. Will you come?"

"You bet we will," stammered Tom, too overcome for much speech.

"You look like mamma," confided Nan, nestling in the motherly

lap of the childless woman. "I love you already."

"Isn't it splendid to have everything turn out so fine?" smiled Betty, her dear sweet face beaming with love and joy. "Isn't it just like a fairy Christmas story?"

"Yes, Betty, and you are the good fairy who has made it all come about," said Tom, gazing at her

with fond admiration.

"That is so," declared Aunt Beulah, squeezing Nan tightly while the little arms clung about her neck, and the baby lips softly touched her cheek. "I am going to get just as much joy out of this, I imagine, as will these two motherless chicks, and we owe it all to you, Betty dear—our little Christmas fairy."

LAST CHRISTMAS EVE.

By Annie Malin.

*Last Christmas Eve I covered up my head
An' made out I was sleepin' snug in bed;
For mother says, if Santa ever comes
An' catches boys awake,—away he hums
An' leaves 'em nothing, but I want to see
Just how he looks when he's right close to me.*

*I know I hadn't been to sleep, why no!
I dassent look, but soon, so soft an' slow,
I heard a step—I peeked, it looked all white—
I covered up my head in awful fright.
Scared? My! you bet I was, why I just shook
For how did I know? It might a been a spook.*

*I just lay still you bet, an' sure's you live
I hat figger must a been him, come to give
Me presents, for when I dast look out
My stockin' was chuck full, an' all about
Was still as still, 'cept way off down the street
I heard the sound of Santa's sleigh bells sweet.*



The Return of the Wise Men.

Maud Baggarley.

"**T**F only I could see the babe,"
Sighed Casper, "as a king,
Could see the farthest realms of earth
Unto him tribute bring;
Methinks my cup of joy were full,
My heart forever then would sing."

Know ye then O wise and holy—
Almost free from mortal sin—
That your wishes shall be fulfilled,
Casper, thou shalt see the King;
Thou shalt welcome Him to heaven:
And with the hosts immortal sing.

Then spake the second wise man so—
"Twere good to see His power and might,
Yet if I should voice my heart's desire,
Knowledge would be my choice—
To know Him and understand,
Like unto God above,
The sacred mysteries of the land."

The third and wisest of the three
Said nothing for a space;
A holy calm of peace and love
Shone 'round about the place.
'I walk by faith and not by sight;
God's purpose high I do not know;
But I shall follow where He guides,
Where'er He sends me I shall go."

- ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣
Then lo, there fell on the silence
A voice like the coo of a dove—
Or the sigh of a breeze o'er roses—
Plaintive yet fraught with love;
And the wondering eyes of the Wise Men
Behold a being of light,
A radiant splendid figure
That shone thro' the starlit night
'Till it seemed that the very morning
Had dawned on their dazzled eyes;
And prostrate they fell before him—
The stranger from the skies.

Then speaketh the angel so—
"While the desert vast enfolds ye,
And God's goodness shuts ye in;

He speaketh unto the second Wise Man so—
"And thou, O wise and humbly gracious,
Thou shalt know as thou art known.
Look ye! See the parted heavens,
Behold thy God upon His throne!
He hath been exalted higher
Than the kings of earth—
Yea, of myriad earths unnumbered,
That like stars above us shine—
Yet eons since He took a body
Like unto this one of thine.
As thou art now so once was He
Who revealeth mysteries unto thee.
Think not ills of life are thine alone—
All that earth holds God also hath known.
For know, if sorrow pass thee by
'Twere better far that thou shouldst die.
Or else that thou wert never born.
For steps by which we upward go
Are carved by Sorrow, Pain and Woe.
Thine eyes are open now for aye—
Then thank thy God for His grace, this day."

Then spake the angel to the third—
"A blessing unto thee I give.
Trust on, hope on and thou shalt live
To know that he who thinks of others—
Forgets himself, and calls all men his broth-
ers—
Is chosen, set apart, by God,
To be on earth as leaven;
To kindle in men's hearts the spark
That lights them back to heaven."

A "Reel" Gold Christmas Present.

By Jennie Roberts Mabey.

"Father, will you please give me a quarter?"

John Fenton wheeled about in his chair and faced his son. The little fellow stood with flushed cheeks, nervously twirling his cap round and round his fingers.

"What do you want of a quarter?" the father asked, sharply.

Robert looked out apprehensively at the door behind, and coming a little closer said, in a half whisper,

"To buy a bres' pin for mother—for a Chris'mus present. Tony Foster's got—"

"Tony Foster! So that's where you've been sense school."

"No, I didn't go into his place at all, father," Robert answered, with an honest look in the large brown eyes. "You see, he told me he'd bring the pins outside an' I waited. They're fifty cents, but Tony says see'in's it's me, I coul'd have one for a quarter. They're reel gold an' got blue sets in, an' mother'd be tickled —"

"Real gold!" disgustedly, "your mother wouldn't—oh, go on out o' here Robert, don't you talk sech nonesense to me."

"But, father, they *look* goldy an' I *know* mother'd like one. Why Tony's goin' to give his mother *two*."

"Robert! you must think I'm crazy. No! I say, an' that's an' end o't. Now you go this minute an' bed that calf pen like I told you to this mornin'. It seems queer you can't get home no earlier'n this, every day."

The boy turned away with trembling lips. If t'was anybody but mother—mother who had never had a Chris'mas present of a reel goldy

pin with blue sets. So cheap too; and Tony was waiting for him down at the barn now. He had most known that his father wouldn't, but somehow hope had been strong. Now Tony'd sell 'em to someone else; and it was only three days before Christmas—. A wave of grief swept over the manful little face and he slipped out at the front door lest mother eyes might see.

A few moments after Robert had left the room, Mrs. Fenton came in and sank into a chair beside the table where her husband was writing. Her shoulders were bent, her hands toil hardened. She sat silently with her eyes upon the pencil in his fingers.

"Well, Cinthy, what *you* want?"

"Why, John," she began, hesitatingly and with great effort, "I been wishin' you'd let me get one of them sleds over at Hancocks for Robbie—"

"Well, I'll swun!" in utter consternation, "what next. First the boy and now you!"

"Why, what did Robbie want, father?"

"Want? Oh, a brass pin or something."

The mother's face flushed painfully and tears came to her eyes. "He's been sayin' how he might surprise me Christmas; poor little fellow!"

The man looked at her sharply. He had never understood the bond of feeling that had always existed between her and her boys. It irritated him beyond words.

"I jest guess you been makin' this up together," he said testily.

"Why, father, I never dreamt of

such a thing. I don't want any pin I'm sure, but I do feel sorry for Robbie. Ever since this snow he's been hankerin' after a sled. They're second hand, father, but I been thinkin' I could paint one over so't it would look reel nice an' new. You know he wanted one awful last Christmas, father, but he never said much. Robbie ain't a hand to tease much either. He's always understood you're hard up, an' been real good that way, but I knew how he keeps wishin' an' wishin'. I can go without myself, but when it comes to my children—" she broke off chokingly.

The man turned upon her a self-injured expression.

"Now, Cinthy, you take on as if you, an' the boys never had nothin'. Don't you get jest as much off'n this farm as I do?"

"I wasn't complainin' father," the mother replied, in a gently apologetic tone, "about not havin' anything. I was jest sayin' I don't see why we can't have Christmas like other people. There's Sam Mils now; his folks always have the nicest time an' they ain't got—"

"An' never will have," her husband interrupted. "I don't b'lieve in such goin's on. Folks these days carry Christmas doin's altogether too far. Buy a lot o' foolish toys that's broke up in a day, an' eatin' enough candy an' stuff to kill a horse. 'Tain't my idee at all. If you want a new bunnit you generally get it, or if the boy wants clo's he gets 'em an' you always have plenty o' good substant'al food. What more do you want, mother?"

"John," she said, impressively, "don't you know anybody gets along a hull lot better for indulgin' in a little foolishness an' extravagance once in a while. Some day, mebbby, you'll understand it's what

keeps families happy together, and children at home feelin' contented an' willing to work for ye."

"What you mean now, mother? If any man could a' done more for their boys than me, I'd like to see 'im. Ungrateful, lazy—"

"Well, they never had a Christmas tree in their lives, anyhow. I know I used to think every year that the next I'd sure have something saved up to get one with, but somehow we was always too poor. There wasn't nothin' the older boys wanted, seemed like, more'n a Christmas tree with boughs and things, and lit up with colored candles," she went on chokingly, "and now Robbie's the last and—and he's ten—" her voice trailed off quivering with the suppressed longing of years.

The man looked at his wife with a puzzled expression. He never remembered when Cinthy had gone against him as she had today. She had upset him somewhat and he said impatiently:

"Mother, there ain't no use your settin' there talkin' sech stuff to me. You've hendered me a hull hour an' I wanted to get these accounts checked off afore dark. What with buildin' the new cow shed an' havin' that reservoir put in, I don't know hardy how I'm goin' to make ends meet, an' here you come talkin' about Christmas—it makes me tired!" and with an air of dismissal he settled down to his writing.

His wife arose with a weary, disappointed sigh. The light of excitement had faded from her brown eyes and settled into habitual dullness and melancholy.

"You want the rest o' them pumpkin seeds bagged up?" she asked.

"U'm, yes," he said, "an' see't you don't get 'em mixed."

For some time after the man sat

busied with his writing, but somehow, try as he might, he did not seem to get along very well with his work. Again and again did he go over the same columns of figures without seeming to grasp their meaning, and once or twice he let the pen slip from his fingers.

It had begun to snow again, in great feathery flakes that clung to the window and blotted out the scene outside.

"Well," he said, "I won't much mor'n get the cattle fed now afore dark. These accounts can go over till morn' any how, I guess."

Outside, the snow lay nearly a foot deep, and as he turned towards the barn two sleighs with jingling bells passed along the street.

"By jingo!" ejaculated the man, "this *does* look like Christmas, an' still snowin'," as a gust of wind blew the wet flakes into his face.

As he entered the barn building, several sleek, fat cows looked up sleepily from where they stood in their stalls, and the big span of gray horses stopped eating and regarded him with intelligent eyes. They were John Fenton's greater pride and he stopped to pat their necks and smooth their satiny sides, a moment. As he did so voices on the other side of the partition arrested his attention, and he leaned forward looking through a crack between the boards into the space beyond.

Seated on a box he saw his son Robert, and on a pile of hay in front of him sat Tony Foster. Evidently they were in a dispute of some kind for there was an angry gleam in Robert's brown eyes, while on Tony's face was a sullen look of defiance.

"I don't care what you say," the latter was saying, "your father is one of the meanest, stingiest men

in the hull country. Everybody will tell ye the same thing. Why, I heard some men talkin' about it in the store the other day. An' my mother says your mother never has nothin' decent to wear. She says she's down-trod-on, what ever that is."

"Oh—oo!" come from Robert's indignant lips, "an' mothers just got a new cape an' a dress an' a hat."

"Don't care," persisted Tony, "yourn don't look stily like my ma does. An' you listen, them men said that's why your brothers left home—cause yer father never expected them to have nothin' frum the farm. Poor as my dad is, he hires Sam in the summer, an' sometimes I even get dimes for help-in'."

"Well," said Robert, "I can't help it, I got a good father anyway. Why it wasn't only a little while ago, before school started, that he let me go an' stay a week with cousin Bennie and—"

"Now wasn't that good of him!" interrupted the other who was older and much wiser than Robert. "My thunder, what a soft kid you are! Don't you see it didn't cost him nothin' for your board while you was gone. I shouldn't think you'd stick up for him anyhow, for he never lets you have nothin' you want. He wouldn't let you have any o' them fancy postals an' now he can't afford that quarter—jest a quarter."

"Well, Tony," said Robert, in a low voice, "it's like this. Mother says he don't understand, that's all. They was awful poor when he was little and it's been such a long time, I guess—I guess he's kind of forgot how bad a feller wants things sometimes. Mother says she guess-

es he couldn't a had any Chris'-musses."

For a moment there was perfect silence in the barn and the man on the other side leaned thoughtfully against the partition. His little son had touched a tender chord at last. Like a flash his mind reverted years, years back to a low roofed home in far away England. There swept before his mind's eye a vision of an old-fashioned fire-place, bulging crooked stockings hanging above in a row, a kindly mother's, and children's ruddy faces, a loaded brilliant Christmas tree, a dinner of turkey, of plum pudding, and an extravagant supply of candy and nuts—and for a moment a thrill of boy-like enthusiasm and appreciation passed through him. True, they had been poor indeed at times; but, he reflected, his mother, who came of the Christmas-loving Germans, had always managed somehow, in the hardest of times to have something laid by for happy Yuletide.

"I don't believe your father was a boy," Tony, on the other side was saying. "I believe he's always been the same old stingy skinflint."

Robert suddenly flew at Tony in a passionate whirl-wind of anger.

"Tony Foster, you've said enough, you—you—I'll give you a good lickin' if you are bigger'n an' older'n me, if you call my father that!"

Tony straightened himself up in amazement and began to ward off the blows that Robert was aiming at his head; then as if something in the situation struck him as very funny, he threw himself flat on his back and burst into a shout of laughter, rolling over and over in the hay in a perfect convulsion. The rafters over head fairly rang with the mocking sound. At length,

however, he stopped laughing and resumed his seat on the hay.

"Oh, dear," he gasped, "you're enough to give a feller a fit! Say kid," wiping his eyes on his shabby coat sleeve, "you mustn't look at me like that again. Why, don't you know I could lick you with my little fingers?"

Robert stood half crying with anger.

"I don't care," he said, "you—you, keep still about my father."

"Well," said Tony, after a moment, "I will. I didn't come here to scrap with you. Now let's talk business," with an important air, "you see kid, it's like this," emphasizing each word with his right forefinger on the palm of the other hand, "you want fifty cents and your father won't give it to you. Now though you *are* such a soft one you must know where your father keeps his money—and a jolly, big pile of it he must have somewhere, too. Now, I'll tell you what to do," lowering his voice, "you watch your chance and when your dad ain't around, you just slip into the place where he keeps it, and take a quarter, bring it to me and I'll let you have that beauty with the blue-sets I showed you jest now. See?"

To the man listening so intently behind the partition, it seemed that even the animals in their stalls had stopped eating to hear Robert's answer.

"I—I don't understand you, Tony," he said, in a low, troubled tone, "you—you surely don't mean for me to steal it?"

"Steal it! Great scott, of course not! I don't call it by that name. I call it jest takin' what b'longs to you by rights. Ain't you his son, and hadn't he orter give you things when you want 'em, and besides,

the money'll all be yourn some day, anyhow, that is if you live longer than the old skin—there, there, I won't say that again," as the dark eyes flashed ominously, but, anyway, he'd never miss such a small amount and if he wants to know where you got the pins, jest say I give 'em to you, or something like that, and—"

"Oh—oo!" Robert's voice rang with indignation. "Do you think—do you think I'd do *that*. Why I wouldn't for your hulk card o' pins, Tony Foster. Why my mother'd feel terrible, she wouldn't want a bres' pin got that way, if she never had one."

Robert noticed a startled look suddenly pass over Tony's freckled and shame-faced countenance, and turning about, he felt his father's hand on his arm.

"I guess I'm goin' over to Rock City in the mornin' in the bobs. You boys want to ride over?" asked John Feiton in a voice that sounded husky in spite of his efforts to control it.

"Why—why, I'm 'fraid I can't," faltered Tony squeezing close to the wall. Then darting hurriedly by,

he fled towards home like a whipped puppy.

The hand on Robert's arm prevented him from doing likewise; hanging his head he dug his toe into the loose hay leaves.

"Robbie—Robbie," murmured his father brokenly, patting the boy's shoulder. "We'll go up to the City tomorrow and bring the boys back to your mother fer Christmas. You'd like to buy her a reel gold pin up there with blue sets, I reckon? I expect you could get a good one for three or four dollars. I guess we'd better git a tree, too, with baugles and colored candles and things. And mebbey you'd like one o' them long red sleds—huh? an' some skates. How'd ye like to bring one home fer that Tony?"

The last was the most wonderful of all. Robbie pinched himself twice under his coat to see if it was not a dream. Looking up quickly he saw his father's eyes all "teary" and questioning. The hard lines had vanished from his thin face, and there was a soft expression about his mouth that mystified the boy.

"That would be fine, father!" he said, shyly, with a deep breath of joyful anticipation.

Overheard at Christmas.

"I wish you'd kindly move a bit;
The way you crowd is shocking,"
Remarked the jolly Jumping-Jack,
Deep down in Teddie's stocking.

"Don't tread on me," the orange growled
In muffled tones from under,
"I'm sure if people find me sour
"Twon't be the slightest wonder."

"Oh, mercy!" cried the Paris doll,
In tones of deep dismay,

"I see a dreadful chocolate mouse
Not half an inch away."

"Be silent," said the candy cow;
"Do cease this paltry prating,
Such foolish talk I never heard,
Complaining and berating."

But here she ceased, for Master Ted,
The stocking overhauling,
Had gobbled up that candy cow.
Now wasn't that appalling?

Jessie B. Sherman.



Tales of Our Grandfathers.

By John Henry Evans.

XII.

WITH THE ARMY OF ZION.

Scene Five.

THE MEN WHO WOULD SHOOT A DEER.

Nine days after the company of Zion's camp had passed through Indianapolis in spite of the man with the sealskin cap, they came to a wide prairie sixteen miles across. It was the first scene of the kind that most of the men had looked upon. They had been accustomed for the most part, to country that rose and fell like the sea. A broad stretch sixteen miles wide and all as level as the kitchen table was a new sight to them. And they marvelled.

On the eastern edge of the prairie they camped by a slough about six miles out from the western edge of the timber through which they had passed. This was the only chance they would have to get any water.

And such water! It was thick with wigglers, as the brethren called them, and every drop they had to strain before they could use it. But it was wet, and so they did not complain.

"I wish somebody would suggest a deer hunt," said George in the most indifferent tone.

"There aren't any deer on the prairie!" Brother Holden disputed.

For an answer George pointed to a large herd grazing contentedly on the prairie bunch grass.

"My conscience!" the elder exclaimed. Others thereupon made exclamations, too.

"There's meat for us for the rest of our journey and back, too, if we want it!" one added.

"And they're right close by!" said another. "I wonder now, they don't get scared and run away!"

George did not lose track of his original thought about a deer hunt. And so, when they all had got

through their wonderment, he said again, "Let's go after some."

The suggestion was taken up at once this time. Seven or eight, including the boy, got their guns and started stealthily on their way towards the deer.

"Hey! where you boys going?" asked one of those who could not screw up their enthusiasm to the hunting point.

"Oh, to get a deer or two for you fellows."

This was answered by a great shout of laughter, which the hunters accepted as a good-natured reception on the others' part of a kindly rebuke for their laziness.

"You'll be mighty glad to come back before you get any deer meat," another of the crowd at the camp ventured. "The deer are at least ten miles away from here."

This time it was the hunters' turn to laugh, which they did in an extremely boisterous manner. They cut their laughter short, however, when they bethought themselves of the nearness of the animals, and pursued their course as stealthily as before.

They walked, and walked, and walked! Still the deer grazed a little way ahead of them, not in the least alarmed at the proximity of the men who wanted deer meat.

"Well, I declare!" cried one of the band. He stopped, set down his gun, put his arms akimbo, and gazed at the deer in the greatest perplexity. "I'll be darned, if we ain't a sucked-in crowd."

The rest stopped abruptly, too, as if the same non-plussed idea had taken hold of them all simultaneously.

"Doesn't it beat the deuce!" another exclaimed.

"I can't understand it, at all!" several others put in helplessly.

Some were for going back, but the one who said they were a "sucked-in crowd," declared that he would never go back to *that* camp without some deer meat. And so they pushed on again, the same fear of going back meatless and facing the hilarity of the wiser brethren acting as a spur to their intent.

Again they walked, and walked, and walked! And again those pesky deer grazed idiotically on the bunch grass not deigning even to look in the direction of their foe! The men all stopped once more and looked foolishly at one another.

"We're worse than sucked-in!" one took courage to say. "I tell you, we're a pack of fools as well, and George here's the worst for suggesting the thing in the first place."

And he took hold of George's neck and squeezed it till the boy made out as if he were being choked to death. The rest looked on in silence and perplexity, not knowing what to say.

"That's exactly what we are!" some one finally exploded ambiguously. "That's exactly what we are!" he repeated in a way that seemed to be profoundly satisfying to himself and at the same time to throw a great light on the subject for the benefit of the others.

"What?" inquired another simply.

"Fools, of course!" was the answer.

"And sucked-in!" added someone else.

"Sucked-in and fools!" repeated he who had invented the phrase. "What shall we do?"

"Go back and face the music, pay the fiddler!" one suggested. And the rest looked gratefully at him

as to one who had expressed aptly their own thoughts.

"We'd better have done this when we stopped before," George said. "It'll be harder to bear now." He was thinking of that laughter when they should get back to camp. "I didn't know this, sure!"

"Didn't you, now?"

"No, honest."

"All right, George. We didn't believe you did."

And as they marched back, just the least bit crest-fallen, each hating to face the grinning camp.

"It'll be five hours instead of three!" said one irrelevantly.

Each man was busy with his own thoughts. This was what *he* was thinking of.

"Mirage!" he cried—and went on again.

The others looked at him, some through not knowing what the word meant, others through not getting its connection with their escapade.

"M-i-r-a-g-e!" the first man spelled out for them in the most explanatory voice. "That's why we didn't get the deer."

Then those who knew saw the point, and explained it to those who did not know. The hot shining of the sun, where the light rays are bent, distorts distant objects and makes them appear close by.

Nevertheless they would take the laugh good-naturedly. Clearly the joke was on them. Which was quite evident, not only to them, but to the others when they got to camp. Everybody was expecting them, and everybody had a broad grin on his face.

Joseph affected to be surprised that they should have been gone so long, when the deer were so near the camp. For he liked a joke himself. Then he assumed astonish-

ment that they had come back without meat. Had they forgotten the ammunition—or what?

To all of which the hunters maintained a stolid silence.

"Why," exclaimed another, suddenly, "there's the deer now! They must have followed you back. Come brethren, grab your guns and let's go and get a deer!"

And suiting the action to the word, he ran about excitedly looking for fire arms. He was the wag of the camp.

But as everything in this world comes to an end so did this, though it dragged itself along remorselessly. The "sucked-in" brethren thought the others would never have done with it.

Next day the camp crossed the Embarras river, camping about a mile beyond on a small branch of the stream. Here they found prairie snakes, or massasaugas, as the Indians called them. The Prophet discovered three of them in his tent when he had pitched it.

"I'll kill them," George said. And he grabbed a stick, for the purpose of doing so. But the Prophet told him not to.

"Let them alone—don't hurt them," he exclaimed.

Several men were near, and he took occasion to talk to them about the treatment that should be accorded all animals.

"How will the serpent ever lose its venom," he went on, "while the servants of God possess the same disposition, and continue to make war upon it? Men must become harmless, before the brute creation; and when men lose their vicious dispositions and cease to destroy the animal race, the lion and the lamb can dwell together, and the child can play with the serpent in safety."

After that George got two sticks and carried out the snakes on them.

"We shouldn't kill a snake, bird, or other animal of any kind during our journey," the Prophet went on to say, "unless it becomes necessary in order to preserve ourselves from hunger."

Some of those brethren who had gone deer-hunting felt as if they were being reproved, though Joseph did not have them in mind. He knew that their purpose was merely to obtain food, for he had frequently spoken to the camp on the same subject during the progress of the march.

Once after this incident, on that same day in fact, some of the brethren were watching a squirrel up a tree. Joseph came along. He wanted to know if the men would actually apply his instructions in practice. So he deliberately took one of their shot guns, took careful aim, and fired. The squirrel fell, and Joseph went away.

"I'll tell you what let's do," said one of the brethren when the Prophet had gone and they had looked at him and the dead squirrel under the tree,—*"I'll tell you what let's do. Let's cook it, that nothing might be lost."*

And they did, much to the Prophet's gratification at the way they had taken his teachings.

On another occasion when the camp was resting for noon, one of the men went a little way from the tents and laid down to take a nap. When he awoke there were a number of others near him looking at him intently. He wondered what was the matter.

"Brother," said one of the crowd when he saw that the sleeper had awoke, "there's a big snake coiled up between your left arm and your body! Look out how you get up."

The arm was almost straight out from his body, as was the man's wont in sleeping. Turning his head one side and glancing across, he saw, sure enough, a large snake all of a lump by his side.

All eyes were turned toward the slimy thing.

Presently it began to move. It had been asleep. It lifted up its head. Doubtless the voices of the men had waked it. Gradually it uncoiled, drew itself wrigglingly over the man's bare arm, and slunk off silently into the grass.

One of the men forgetfully started off after it with a stick.

"Don't hurt it, brother!" exclaimed he who had been asleep—*"don't touch it. We've had a nice nap together."*

That day they crossed the prairie, but saw nothing more of the deer, nor anything further of snakes.



KNOW as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong somewhere
There lies the root of right;

That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—is best.— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

When Santa Claus Forgot.

By Maud Baggarley.

Ackeri Ann sat on a prominent point of the rim-rock that stretched like a huge black scar across the wind-swept Klickitat valley, swinging her feet and gazing down at the stubble fields below her. Far beyond the fields she could see the low range of Columbia mountains, sere, bare, and lined and interlined with cattle and Indian trails. West of her, the three buttes reared their heads, and beyond them Mount Hood, covered with perpetual snow, gleamed like marble in the sunshine.

Ackriann loved this brown country of barb-wire fences and sage brush and its people with their breezy, independent, aggressive manner. Today, however, Ackriann's heart was filled with anger and she had climbed up on the rim rock to "have it out" with herself. A mile from where she sat was the gate through which her father must pass from the high road in order to reach the long weather-beaten shack which Ackriann called "home." With him would be the strange woman he was bringing from "below" (as the valley folk referred to the Willamette valley of Oregon) to take the place of Ackriann's mother who lay with folded hands in the bleak cemetery of Goldendale. And the girl who had vainly endeavored to fill the place of the dead woman, bitterly resented the imagined slight to her mother.

Twelve year old Ackri had tried to "mother" the six brothers and sisters but she had found a woman's burden too heavy for her young inexperienced shoulders, and instead of keeping the house, it kept her. The children, untidy, and

cross (because of the lack of properly cooked food and regular habits of life, looked upon the house merely as a shelter from the elements—for home, it certainly was not. The father had tried to keep in the clumsy good natured way of the average man, but found the task beyond him, so gave it up and allowed the children to do about as they pleased. Ackriann and her twin brother, Jodelmar, however much the place needed a woman's guiding hand, resented the coming of the step-mother and agreed to give her a warm reception.

Ackri remained on her elevated perch until the sun sank low in the west, and not until she saw her father drive through the gate way did she scramble down from her seat on the rocks, and set out sullenly for the house.

Her father helped the woman who was with him to alight. Ackri watched her as she walked briskly toward the shanty, looking curiously about her as she did so. She was tall, plump, rosy and jolly-looking, with bright, black eyes and a look of shrewdness about the mouth. Ackri who followed her into the house noticed the quick frown as the woman beheld the disorderly room and the cry of compassion as she nearly fell over the year old baby (ragged and dirty, and poorly nourished) as it lay asleep on the floor.

Jodelmar breathed a sigh of relief as the step-mother lifted the child gently from the hard floor to her breast.

"She can't be so bad after all," he whispered to Ackriann. "I guess maybe we had better treat her sort

of decent for a while," he continued. "Leastwise until after Wednesday," he added apologetically, noticing his sister's clouded face, "it's Christmas you know."

"Yes, I do know it," she answered bitterly, "and don't you go to counting on it too much, Jodelmar, I've noticed Santa Claus don't bother must about children who hain't got any mother," and Ackri walked away.

"Poor Ak," muttered Jodelmar, regarding her departing figure with somber eyes. "But any way, I believe Santa Claus will come just the same," he cried hopefully.

All evening he was on the alert to offer the new mother any assistance in his power. Never in all his life had he seen anyone move so quickly. Dishes seemed to wash themselves; the stove appeared afraid to smoke; and the tea-kettle hummed cheerily. The baby crowed and contentedly rocked himself back and forth in his high chair while the woman sang a rousing Methodist hymn as she went briskly about her work; even Ackri's face seemed a shade less sullen. Jodelmar watched the new mother with fascinated eyes and was loathe to loose sight of her when bed time came. But her laughing command of: "It's time now for chicks and honest people to be in bed, so off you go!" could not be disobeyed.

He was down stairs at the first peep of dawn, and was rewarded by a gay greeting and words of praise, from his step-mother, that made his boyish heart thrill with pride.

"Santa Claus couldn't forget a home with a woman like her in it—why she is almost like a real mother," he exclaimed, joyfully, then pursing his lips, whistled cheerily.

Mrs. Morrison smiled when she saw his eager face. The day before Christmas seemed unending to the exciting children who retired with evident anxiety at the first suggestion of dusk.

"Poor little things, they must be nearly tired out," murmured their step-mother, who sat by the fire with the baby upon her lap talking to her husband.

"I must be more careful of them. You know I've never been used to children—excepting the neighbors, having been an 'old maid,'" she continued, smilingly. "And," she went on, "I will have to get used to having the dear things about," and she laughed softly as her eyes met her husband's.

To the children the night seemed longer than the day. They had crept down after the lights were out and hung up their stockings—and during the night had been down a half dozen times to get a drink. Each journey proclaimed the fact that their stockings remained flat and empty.

Toward morning the children were aroused by the hired man who lumbered about kindling a fire and otherwise preparing for an early start to town to lay in an extra supply of provisions at the settlement store, kept by his brother. Jodel was the first to awake, and bounding out of bed before his eyes were fairly open, rushed down the rickety stairst two steps at a time, followed by his eager little brothers and sisters.

"O, Ackri," he shouted as he grabbed his plump stocking and raced back to the foot of the stairs, "O, Ackri, hurry, hurry, Santa didn't forget, he didn't forget."

Ackri soon appeared on the scene and grabbed her fat stocking with hands that trembled with excite-

ment and delight. The children scampered about the room almost delirious with joy.

"What did I tell you," cried Jodel triumphantly, as he plunged his hand into his hitherto unexplored stocking and pulled out a stick of wood.

His face fell and he laughed hysterically. His next find was his father's pipe, and tucked away in the toe he found a copy of the "New Testament." The children watched Jodel in painful silence, then hastily began to empty their own stockings. Wood, stones, and newspapers were all they found.

A loud wail of grief brought the new step-mother on the scene. Ackri watched the sobbing children for a moment, dumped the contents of her stocking (her brother's cap, a tin cup, an apple, and the stove lifter) on the floor and rushed back up stairs to her bare little room under the eaves.

"What in the world is the matter?" enquired the step-mother, striving to make her voice heard above the din.

"Santa fooled us," sobbed one of the children burying its face in an old skirt of its mother's which still hung on the wall.

"Of course—its Christmas—I had forgotten," she ejaculated, with a flash of comprehension. And who did this I wonder! Did you?" she asked of Bill the hired man who stood shamefacedly in the doorway.

"Yes, mam, only a little joke," he stammered, grinning sheepishly.

"And so this is your idea of a joke, is it?" she exclaimed, sarcastically, giving him a look which sent him out of the house in a hurry.

Up to Ackri, whose need the step-

mother felt was greatest, went Mrs. Morrison.

"It's no use! O it's just no use," she heard the girl sob, "I might have known it. God and everybody forgets when your mother goes away—O, mother, mother," she cried, burying her face in the pillow.

"My child, my child," exclaimed the step-mother, falling upon her knees and gathering Ackri to her breast. "Won't you let me be your mother now? Don't you know that the mother-heart beats in every woman's breast. For years I have hungered for a little daughter, and I hoped that I had found her. God hasn't forgotten you dear."

"But he took my mother," faltered the girl.

"Your poor mother was tired," returned the woman gently, "and our Heavenly Father took her to Himself. He has sent me here to carry her burdens, and to help her little daughter to become a gracious and noble woman. Your mother finished her mission, or else she would not have been called home. But there is, and always will be—no matter who is called hence—work to do. And perhaps these experiences are necessary for your development—and mine. Perhaps your mother needed no further tests. Shall we try to love each other and live in harmony, so that one day we can go to your mother hand in hand and tell her we have done our best?" asked the step-mother, bending over the face nestling on her bosom.

"Yes, O, yes," returned Ackri, eagerly, and then added, shyly, "I think my mother would have loved you. Aunt Nan must be mistaken," continued Ackri, thoughtfully. "She said that step-mothers were always jealous of other woman's

children, and she told us that if papa ever married again we were to—to—”

“Never mind, never mind, childie, I’d rather not know what she said,” exclaimed the woman, putting her hand playfully over Ackri’s mouth. “It doesn’t help matters for us to repeat unkind things which people say, and we are going to begin right. Jealousy is one of the great forces of evil that is about us, seeking to destroy us; but I know and you know that there is room in your father’s heart for both your mother and me, and room in your heart for us both, also. And although I want you to love me, yet never for a moment would I think of wanting to take her place in your affections. That is sacred to the woman who gave you birth. And this I know also,” she continued, her eyes filling with tears, “your mother, because of the love in her heart for the God-given gift of children, would have compassion upon my hungry mother-heart and empty arms, and would be willing to share the love of her little ones with me.”

“I am sure she would,” exclaimed Ackri, heartily, as she slipped her arms about the neck of her father’s wife.

“Well, little daughter,” said Mrs. Morrison at length, “we have forgotten all about our Christmas troubles, our especial heart-ache. I must run right down and comfort the babes.”

And suiting her actions to her words she left the room and hastened down stairs, where she found the children with swollen eyes and solemn faces, gathered about the living-room fire. All but little tow-headed Jimmy who still crouched on the floor his face hidden in the old skirt. Picking him up, she carried him into the living-room

and sat down with him in her arms.

“Now chicks,” she exclaimed, “has Santa Claus ever forgotten you before?”

Four emphatic nods and a stifled sob was the answer.

“Well, there are hundreds and hundreds of children who have never had a present in their lives, and who have never heard of the birthday of the baby Jesus. Santa Claus is the spirit of love which prompts us to show our thankfulness for the gift of His little son by trying to make some one happy on Christmas day—the Christ-Child’s birthday. Now each and every one of you can be Santa Claus to some one else if you wish to.”

“Say can I be Santa Claus?” asked Billy, drawing nearer and looking up into her face anxiously.

“Yes, indeed,” returned Mrs. Morrison, smiling down into the eager freckled face uplifted to her.

“Then, why then, I’ll be Santa Claus to Ackri,” he cried rapturously.

“What will you give her?” asked Sissy scornfully.

“Why—why—I’ll give her—I’ll give her—what will I give her?” he asked in bewilderment. “Oh, I know,” he cried, with a gasp of relief, “I’ll give her my red top boots and my biggest marble. I haven’t anything else,” he stammered, with quivering chin. But his words were lost amid peals of merry laughter.

“Never mind, honey boy, there will be plenty to give. I’ve got a whole trunk full of pretty things for you—and we’ll send Bill to his brother’s store for more. Father will go to the grove for a tree and you can all help me get the finest dinner in the world. So after all, you see, Christmas-grief is Christmas joy almost before sun rise,” she added smiling at the group of satisfied happy faces about her.

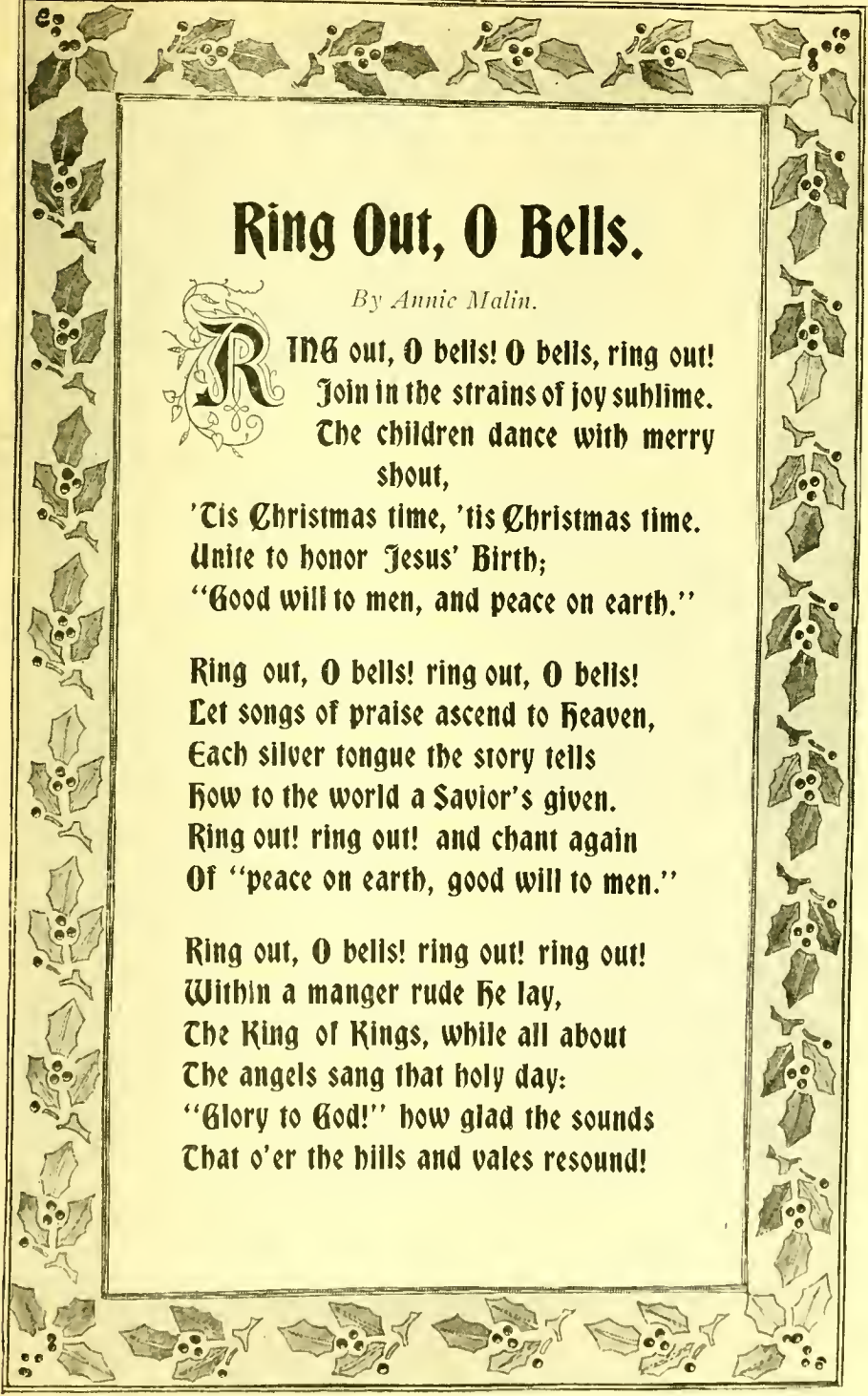


THE CHRISTMAS STORY.

"—And there were in the same field shepherds abiding, keeping watch over their flocks by night; and the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. But the Angel said unto them: 'Fear not, for, behold! I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to you and all men. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord; and this shall be a sign unto you, you shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.'"

"And it came to pass, as the Angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another: 'Let us now go even to Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.' And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger."





Ring Out, O Bells.

By Annie Malin.



Ring out, O bells! O bells, ring out!
Join in the strains of joy sublime.
The children dance with merry
shout,

'Tis Christmas time, 'tis Christmas time.
Unite to honor Jesus' Birth;
"Good will to men, and peace on earth."

Ring out, O bells! ring out, O bells!
Let songs of praise ascend to Heaven,
Each silver tongue the story tells
How to the world a Savior's given.
Ring out! ring out! and chant again
Of "peace on earth, good will to men."

Ring out, O bells! ring out! ring out!
Within a manger rude He lay,
The King of Kings, while all about
The angels sang that holy day:
"Glory to God!" how glad the sounds
That o'er the hills and vales resound!



Children of the Mill.

By Amy W. Evans.

X.

BACK TO THE VALLEY.

It was the first of October and the Thomas family was getting ready to leave the mill for the winter. Snow would soon be falling, and it wouldn't be wise to stay much longer for fear of getting "snowed in."

Ada and Beth took all their belongings from their play house, and packed them away until the next summer. Then they went to say good-bye to all their play places, for they were to start for the valley early the next morning. First they climbed the dirt slide, and then they had a good swing on the branches of the old pine tree at the top.

"Good-bye, old tree," Ada said.

"Keep safe till we come again!" added Beth.

Then jump, jump they went, down the slide, and rested in the old boat swing in the little grove of pines and quaking aspens.

"I'm sorry to leave, and I'm glad to go," said Ada. "I want to go to school and see all my playmates in town, but we've had such a good time here."

"We'll come back next summer," Beth returned, "and have just as much fun as we've had this summer."

The two girls went across the creek to the mill yard where Sam and Bob were at work making a box.

"What are you doing?" asked Beth.

"Making a cage for our rabbit," answered Sam. "I was going up the hill after some columbines and moss to take down to town, when I saw something gray by a pine tree. I came up carefully and saw that it was a little baby rabbit. It wasn't a bit afraid. I picked it up and brought it home."

"We're making this box to put it in, and we're going to take it to the valley," Bob said.

"Where is the rabbit?" asked Ada.

"It's down to the house. Leah fed it some milk with a spoon and we could hear its little teeth strike against the spoon just like a baby's."

"The poor little thing. Why didn't you let it go to its mother?" Beth inquired.

"Its mother was dead. I guess a coyote killed it. I saw its fur and feet on the ground right by the little one."

"The poor little orphan! Let's go and see it," said Ada.

Away they ran to the house. Sure enough, there was the little rabbit, round as a ball. And what a pet they made of it. They took it to town and kept it all winter. But in the spring it got out of its pen and hopped away, never to return.

Bob and Sam hid their boats and toy wagons, and other things which they wished to keep, in the deep saw-dust, covering them deep and marking the spot with pieces of slate rock.

Leah was busy helping her mother put up the lunch for tomorrow's trip.

After supper the boys and girls gathered brush and sticks and made a great pile in the mill yard. As soon as it was dark Sam put potatoes under the brush and lighted it. Then Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and all the children sat around telling stories and singing songs until the fire burnt low and the potatoes were eaten.

In the morning as the sun looked over the high peak it saw a wagon driving out of the mill yard and heard children's voices crying out, "Good-bye, dear old mill! Good-bye! Good-bye!"

Where there is faith there is Love;
Where there is Love there is Peace;
Where there is Peace there is God;
Where there is God there is no Need.

From the German.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

By Susa Young Gaies.

The class had been very unruly, very rude and noisy. The boys had refused to take any portion of the lesson to prepare for the next Sabbath, and the girls had giggled and twisted and whispered until poor Martin had been filled to the throat with disgust of the whole thing. And now, after the Sunday School teachers' session, and he was at liberty to hurry to his boarding place to eat his dinner, his very soul was filled with a sickening dislike for the Sunday School, and for the daily grind he was enduring in teaching the day-school in this little, far-away Utah village. Indeed, he was heavy with dislike of everybody in the town, himself included.

Of what avail was his fine University training, of what value were all his splendid gifts and promises? Thrown, by fate, into this crude and uninviting environment, his soul was constantly wounded by the lack of appreciation which was his daily portion. He felt that he was patronized by the farmers and their uneducated wives, while he was sneered at and called a dunc by his face by the uproarious youths who were forced by the law to attend his school. Well, he reflected, as he hurried past the snowy lanes bordered by tall, snow-covered bushes, it was only one week till Christmas time, and during that blessed vacation he would cut the whole disagreeable job, and go to his home in the city, where he was known and appreciated by his cultured family and friends.

As he sped along he became suddenly conscious that he was followed by some one. He turned to discover who it was, and he was

surprised to see Mamie Johnson, the most disagreeable child in the village. Her thin face was flushed with running; her pale blue eyes were watery with the biting cold; and her hands were purple from the raw winds of December.

Martin had no doubt as to the disagreeable nature of her errand. He felt that this was the last straw. He was sure that he would strike her if she was rude to him; and yet, as in a flash, he remembered that she had never been rude to him. In fact, in that intuitive flash-light of memory, he recalled that the chief and inexplicable reason why he held such a bitter dislike to this plain and unattractive child lay in the fact that she rather tried to court his favor. He almost hated her for it.

Just as he reached his own doorstep, the panting child threw out her thin, blue hands, and gasped, "Oh, teacher, I tried to catch you so hard."

Martin knew that nothing but brutality would now rid him of the threatened invasion. He was smitten with a sudden dull remorse; for he saw that his needless haste had not availed, but had spent every grain of energy in the frail body. With a spasm of human pity, he turned to the child, and drawing her inside the door, he led the way to his own room, where a fire was burning in the little cannon stove. He placed the exhausted child in his own chair, then turned to replenish the fire. Although his pity had opened the door to her, he was disinclined to begin a conversation.

At last the gasping breath was stilled, the little fingers were

thawed out, and the child watched her host moving about, with an eager light in the usually dull eyes. Then she broke the silence, too child-like to know that there was any awkwardness in the long pause.

"Say, Teacher, I want to ask you about Christmas. You told us about how the Jews celebrated their funny festivals, and how the Romans did at their big feasts. But you didn't say how we could make Christmas nice here in Greenfield."

The eyes of the young man were averted from the little girl, else he would surely have been touched by the pathetic appeal in the pinched face. He merely said, "Well?" as the child paused. He would not help her.

"Say, do you know mother?"

Martin's memory was very vivid on the subject of the tired-faced woman who presided in the home of his Sunday School superintendent. What he knew of her was so unfavorable, that no doubt his feelings towards her child were colored by that knowledge.

"Yes," he replied. And only his own good-breeding prevented him from coloring his voice with his dislike of that mother.

"Well, mother, she don't ever say much about Christmas, and she don't never let us read stories, nor make presents. She says we waste our time, and then we waste her time, for we all owe her our time, you know."

Martin didn't know, but he let the child proceed with her unusual confidences. If he wondered why he should be the victim chosen to hear this unwelcome discourse, he could not word his surprise to the child. So the piping voice went on.

"Father, he likes Christmas. He tries to get mother to have a good time. But mother's always tired.

She lets him get our shoes and clothes for Christmas, and you know she always cooks some chickens and makes pies for dinner. But she won't ever let us children think there is any Santa Claus, for she says that's a lie, and lies are from the devil. Father coaxes her to let the young'uns hang up their stockings, but mother always fills 'em with our regular pieces of stick candy and our nuts and raisins before we go to bed. I just try and think it's Santa Claus, and I shut my eyes tight, but mother calls out to me to see just what she's doing, for she won't deceive nobody, not even her own children."

Martin's heart was touched with this revelation. He could recall the merry doings of his childhood, the marks down the blackened fireplace, the stockings, the tree and the riotous Christmas dinner, which sometimes, he remembered, caused a deal of saving and scrimping before hand in order to make its glories possible. But more than all, he began to see behind the dull eyes of his visitor, for she was opening the secret chambers of her soul to his careless gaze. He could not treat that fact with indifference, no matter how little sympathy he had for the child.

"Now, Teacher, I just thought you knew so much, maybe you'd know how I could make a Christmas, and get mother to have a good time; for mother never has much good times. She works so hard and she says we worry her to death. And father would like a good Christmas, too."

The small voice trailed off into a hopeful pause. This dapper young city youth, with his fine coat, his kid gloves, and his polished air of city breeding—surely he could fathom all the mysteries. And she waited.

Martin was slow to reply. He recalled some of his first ambitions when he came to Greenfield. He came to earn, chiefly, the good salary paid to him by the generous school trustees; but he had felt quite willing to shed the light of his superior countenance upon the Sunday School, and he had worked hard at his lessons, for he knew he would soon be called on a mission, and he was anxious to study as much of the theology of the gospel as he could while in this little village. He could not afford to waste his time, not even on Sunday. And so, he had taken his father's advice, and had identified himself with the Sunday School on first coming to the place. That he had been so wrapt up in his own inner life and its difficulties that other things were unimportant, he had not even considered. He was young himself, and naturally very self-centered. The universe revolved around himself, as yet. He had not been awakened from his self-absorption. And so he sat lost in thought, while the little girl gazed at him with longing eyes.

Finally, as the silence became unbearable even to her, she got up, and said with a plaintive resignation:

"Teacher, maybe I'm keeping you from your dinner. I'll go home now, for maybe mother'll be mad 'cause I stayed so long."

The words startled the young man out of his reverie. He immediately said, "I beg your pardon, Mamie, I was trying to think of something we could do."

This little untruth, uttered really to please and soften the heart of the sad child before him, warmed him with its suggestion, and he knew at once that he really was making up his mind to be of service to the child.

Mamie at once resumed her seat, and with a little purr of content, she stretched her slender legs out to catch the warmth on her wet stockings. Now that Teacher had taken her case in hand, there was something surely good coming out of her perplexity.

"Mamie, I suppose you want to give your parents a present?"

"Can ye give presents what don't cost money?" she enquired.

This was certainly a problem. The young man felt a sudden and to him unaccountable impulse to offer this child a goodly share of his month's profits with which to buy presents. But he turned, and for the first time, he looked into the sad eyes. Strange, those eyes were not now dull. He could not understand the wave of pity which swept over him as his trained glance read the poverty of unexpressed love mingled with the wealth of willing self-sacrifice which lay deep in the light blue depths.

"Mamie, you and I must do something which will make a real Christmas, not a make-believe." And as he spoke, the young man found himself committed to this sudden and strange resolution, which one hour before would have been a monstrous sacrifice. "We must not try to do impossible things, not to buy our way to happiness with cheap money, must we?"

If Martin had never before known the power of human love and human sympathy, the glorified look in the eyes of his little listener would have been more in the nature of a revelation. As it was, he saw for the first time that he, not the child, was to blame that she had heretofore been so unlovely to him. The nervous fluttering of the tiny hands, the sudden straightening of the bent back, the flushed cheeks, all

told the story of her response in physical words. Martin was turning a half-dozen plans over in his fertile brain, as he talked, trying to decide which would be the simplest and the most feasible.

"Can you cook?" Mamie.

"Yes, I can cook taters and fry meat."

This simple statement was not unexpected, but it threw a damper on the scheme he had rapidly evolved. Cheerfully hiding his chagrin, however, he asked: "Can Nellie and Alice and Janie cook good dinners?"

The little girl was puzzled by these seemingly irrelevant questions, but she answered:

"Pretty good. Alice is the best one to cook. Her mother makes her do most of the cooking when she is out of school, for she thinks girls'd ought to know how to do house-work."

"Right she is, Mamie. And what about the boys? Do you think they know how to chop wood and make fires?"

The scornful affirmative ejaculation with which this question was answered gave the young man food for thought. Evidently, the boys of Greenfield were better taught to bear their future burdens in life than the girls. However, Martin had no time for outside reflections now; it was to be Christmas thoughts for him, pure and simple for the next week. And moreover, the Christmas was to be in the nature of a reformation to the humdrum town of Greenfield; Martin was firmly determined as to this point.

The next five days were the very busiest days ever spent by the elegant young school teacher in all his young life. He worked as he had never dreamed it possible to work;

he chopped wood, went up in the canyons for trees and scrub cedar boughs; he spent hours converting indifferent or incredulous parents and a few unwilling children. He actually took a hand in the general scrubbing act which crowned the evening of the day before Christmas in his own commodious school-room. He thought of his good father a dozen times in the day, as he lent a helping hand here and there wherever there was a weak link in the chain he was weaving. And how often the picture of his generous and noble mother came to him, as he allowed himself a few introspective thoughts while falling off to well-earned slumber at night. Surely never before had it occurred to him that he was so much the child of his own parents.

The noon hour of Christmas day developed a curious sight in the village of Greenfield. For the whole town had dressed in its best clothes, had attended the morning service in the small meeting-house, and as the service concluded, poured out of the doors and hurried to the school house. But where were the boys and girls of Greenfield? Where were the Christmas turkeys, and the steaming plum-puddings? Where were the mince pies and the cranberry jelly? There was not a chimney in Greenfield that was alive and glowing, unless you except the three houses near the school-house, which were apparently hives of the busiest industry. On entering the doors of the hall into the schoolhouse the mystery was cleared; for odors of sage-dressing and baked squash mingled so subtly with mince pies, spices and fruit, that you were almost unaware of the heavy fragrance of the cedar and pine which saturated the walls of even the outer hall.

And there, too, were the boys and girls of Greenfield, waiting to welcome their parents, and the older folk of the village, for everybody came to the schoolhouse—even the few halt, lame, and blind. These were the especial guests, and they were seated at the table of honor, where the Bishop and Sunday School Superintendent were gathered; and below these the aged were placed, who were the blessed care of all who were gathered neath that roof.

That was a schoolhouse worth looking at that sunny Christmas day—scrubbed as to floor, clean as to walls, filled as to rooms. And such bowers of green and spice as filled every corner and hung from every window, while flags, great and small, festooned the pictures of Abraham Lincoln, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and all the other worthies who smiled or frowned from their cheap frames! And such scampering of small feet, as the adult crowd came stamping in, and were shown to their various places. Every mother and father there bore a mingled expression of doubt and anxious hope on their faces, over this unheard-of experiment. Fancy a school-teacher, and that a young man, undertaking to get Christmas dinner for all the town. What could you expect? And yet when the tables were all surrounded, the Teacher stood up in the top room, and looked with a choking delight down the long vista. There was a lovely atmosphere of good cheer radiating from every face. What a comforting sight for the child, Mamie, and for her grateful teacher. Nowhere but in dear old New England, or Utah, could such a wholesome and unified gathering be found.

"Friends," said Martin, "who are also my brethren and sisters in love

and truth: You are no doubt surprised to find a young man suggesting and carrying out a picnic party of this nature. But you must know that I had, as do most men, a tiny woman-friend who was the inspirer and projector of all this frolic. Stand up, Mamie, and let our friends see you, for they will be grateful with me that we have with us a Christ-child. All children are, if we can only see it, verily His children. And to this child I owe a great and lasting debt. I came to you a stranger, and she has opened your hearts wide, that I may enter into your confidence and affection. It was Mamie who came to ask me to help her give her over-worked mother and loving father a happy Christmas. I did not try to help her cheaply with money or trifling gifts. For I knew she wanted to give a far more precious gift, to gain for herself a priceless dower. The power to express in some tangible way the love and devotion which every child here feels for the noble parents, for the men and women who have made this peaceful town prosperous and homelike."

The spirit which was upon Martin was gaining power with every uttered word. During the past week he had felt vaguely some of the things he was saying, but not until he gave himself up completely to the benign influence of inspiration, voiced in words, did the full force of his own work come home to his soul.

"Mamie and I decided that the mothers of the school children would enjoy one good Christmas dinner over which they had not toiled, while the fathers would be willing to supply the material for a co-operative feast, if the girls would do the cooking and the boys would chop the wood and wait on

the girls. And you will therefore find all the good things you used to prepare for this season, and a few more, which a sister of mine and of yours, has taken great pleasure in preparing. We have not trimmed a tree, nor made gifts; for we have discovered, the children and I, that we can give something better than gifts. We can give ourselves."

This was a long speech for a young man, but Martin was equal to the occasion, and he wanted to complete with words the impression his acts had begun.

"Now, friends, I will ask our Bishop to pronounce the blessing on this generous feast, and then you shall do justice to all there is before you."

The good father of the little "flock" arose, and in a most fervent prayer, he expressed devotion to God and gratitude to the children with their kind teacher at their head.

Then you should have been there to note the superb dignity of the three dozen boys and girls, who came marching in at the tap of a bell, with chicken soup in their awkward hands. But no one spilled a drop, and the mothers crowed and chuckled to see their offspring waiting upon them, instead of the usual order of Christmas procedure. The soup plate was taken away as grandly as it was brought in, and

then the turkeys were ushered in in state; and if a turkey could be proud at its own roast, surely those swelling fowls could be excused for external pride and internal rejoicing. Such dressing, or as the boys in the halls called it, "stuffing," and such jewel-tinted jelly as accompanied the turkey, were seldom to be seen. The whole thing was declared to be the best Christmas dinner ever eaten in the village.

"Hazel," said Martin, as he walked home with his sister, "I never was so happy before in all my life. I could not have believed it possible for me to stay away from my own home on this day of all days in the year, and really enjoy it. But it has been a sure revelation to me."

"The only thing you needed, Martin, was to wake up. You have been asleep, and all your dreams have been about your own future. What you need to do, is to forget Martin Cheever, and to think only of the 'other fellow.' Your efforts to 'wake up' the village of Greenfield were not needed half so much by the people here as they were vitally important to yourself. See?"

"Yes, Hazel, I do see. And I shall try and give myself, heart and soul, to my work the rest of this winter. I shall do all in my power to complete the reformation so happily inspired by the despised little child of Greenfield."

*Many Merrie Christmases, Many Happy New Years.
Unbroken friendships, great accumulations of cheerful
recollections and affections on Earth, and Heaven for
us all. : : : Charles Dickens.*

Christmas Legends.

How the Fir Tree Became the Christmas Tree.

This is the story of how the fir tree became the Christmas tree.

At the time when the Christ Child was born all the people, the animals and the trees, and plants were very happy. The Child was born to bring peace and happiness in the whole world. People came daily to see the little One, and they always brought gifts with them.

There were three trees standing near the crypt which saw the people, and they wished that they, too, might give presents to the Christ Child.

The Palm said: "I will choose my most beautiful leaf, and place it as a fan over the Child."

"And I," said the Olive, "will sprinkle sweet-smelling oil upon His head."

"What can I give to the Child?" asked the Fir, who stood near.

"You!" cried the others. "You have nothing to offer Him. Your needles would prick Him, and your tears are sticky."

So the poor little fir tree was very unhappy, and it said: "Yes, you are right. I have nothing to offer the Christ Child.

Now, quite near the trees stood the Christmas angel, who had heard all that the trees had said. The angel was sorry for the fir tree who was so lowly and without envy of the other trees. So, when it was dark, and the stars came out, he begged a few of the little stars to come down and rest upon the branches of the fir tree. They did as the Christmas angel asked, and the fir tree shone suddenly with a beautiful light.

And at that very moment, the Christ Child opened His eyes—for He had been asleep—and as the lovely light fell upon Him He smiled.

Every year people keep the dear Christ Child's birthday by giving gifts to each other, and every year, in remembrance of His first birthday, the Christmas angel places in every house a fir tree, also. Covered with starry candles it shines for the children as the stars shone for the Christ Child. The fir tree was rewarded for its meekness, for to no other tree is it given to shine upon so many happy faces.

The Legend of St. Christopher.

Once upon a time there lived a great giant named Offerus all alone by the banks of a mighty river.

It was a wicked river near which Offerus had built his hut. It was wide and deep, and it rushed and tumbled along, ready to break the boats and drown the poor travelers who wished to cross. But Offerus was stronger than the river. He took a huge pine tree for a staff, and whenever it was a dark stormy night, and he heard cries of distress from the river, he would plunge into the water and carry the travelers safely to the other side. And he was always ready, and never weary.

One night there was a more terrible storm than usual. The forest trees moaned and sighed, and the river roared as it beat against the shore. Offerus sat in his hut, and he heard a tiny voice crying through the storm: "Offerus, come forth and carry me over!"

It did not seem as if any one

could be out in such a wild storm, but the giant heard the small voice again calling: "Offerus, come carry me across!"

So Offerus took his pine-tree staff and reached for his lantern which hung upon the wall, and he opened the door to go out into the night. It was very dark, and the rain beat into his face so that he could scarcely see, but he looked up and down, holding his lantern high above his head, and he came to a little Child, all drenched with the rain, waiting for him on the bank of the river.

"Offerus, you must carry me over this night," he called.

So Offerus lifted the little Child in his strong arms, and took his staff, and waded into the stream, thinking what a light burden he carried.

But the waves rose higher and higher, the waters came up to his shoulder, and the wind blew fiercely. The strangest thing of all was this: at every step the little Child upon his shoulders grew heavier and heavier, until it seemed to Offerus that he would never be able to cross the river—he must turn and go back.

But he was brave, as all giants are, and he struggled on, tottering as he went and staying his steps with his stout staff; and at last he reached the other side. As he sat down his burden—safely and gently—he said: "Child, who art thou? The whole world upon my shoulders could not have been heavier than thou hast been!"

And the Child looked up and said, as He laid His little hand in Offerus' great one: "In helping every poor traveler thou hast been keeping me. Blessed shalt thou be St. Christopher! This night thou hast carried over the Christ Child."

The Christ Child then slipped away into the night and St. Christopher stood and looked after Him, leaning upon his staff and thinking of the wonderful thing that had happened to him.

Babouscka.

It was the night the dear Christ Child came to Bethlehem. In a country far away from Him, an old, old woman named Babouscka sat in her snug little house by her warm fire. The wind was drifting the snow outside and howling down the chimney, but it only made Babouscka's fire burn more brightly.

"How glad I am that I may stay indoors!" said Babouscka, holding her hands out to the bright blaze.

But suddenly she heard a loud rap at the door. She opened it and her candle shone on three old men standing outside in the snow. Their heads were as white as the snow, and so long that they reached the ground. Their eyes shone kindly in the light of Babouscka's candle, and their arms were full of precious things—boxes of jewels, and sweet smelling oils, and ointments.

"We have traveled far, Babouscka," they said, "and we stop to tell you of the Baby Prince born this night in Bethlehem. He comes to rule the world and teach all men to be loving and true. We carry Him gifts. Come with us, Babouscka!"

But Babouscka looked at the driving snow and then inside at her cozy room and her crackling fire. "It is too late for me to go with you, good sirs," she said, "the weather is too cold." She went inside again and shut the door, and the old men journeyed on to Bethlehem without her. But as Ba-

bousecka sat by her fire, rocking, she began to think about the little Christ Child, for she loved all babies.

"To-morrow I will go to find Him," she said: "tomorrow when it is light, and I will carry Him some toys."

So when it was morning Babousecka put on her long cloak, and took her staff and filled a basket with the pretty things a baby would like, gold balls, and wooden toys, and strings of silver cobwebs—and she set out to find the Christ Child.

But, oh! Babousecka had forgotten to ask the three old men the road to Bethlehem, and they had traveled so far through the night that she could not overtake them. Up and down the roads she hurried, through woods and fields, and towns, saying to whomsoever she met: "I go to find the Christ Child, where does He lie? I bring some pretty toys for His sake."

But no one could tell her the way

to go, and they all said: "Farther on, Babousecka, farther on." So she traveled on, and on, and on, for years and years—but she never found the little Christ Child.

They say that old Babousecka is traveling still, looking for Him. When it comes Christmas eve, and the children are lying fast asleep, Babousecka comes softly through the snowy fields and towns, wrapped in her long cloak and carrying her basket on her arm. With her staff she raps gently at the doors and goes inside and holds her candle close to the little children's faces.

"Is He there? she asks. "Is the little Christ Child there?" And then she turns sorrowfully away again, crying: "Farther on, farther on." But before she leaves she takes a toy from her basket and lays it beside the pillow for a Christmas gift. "For His sake," she says softly, and then hurries on through the years and forever in search of the little Christ Child.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, - DECEMBER, 1909

Individual Responsibility.

The responsibilities that belong to the duties of life are twofold. There are those which involve the welfare of others and those which relate solely to ourselves. The latter are individual. They relate largely to our inner life. They have much to do with our personality, our separate guidance. They are so related to our conscience that their proper observance serves as a safe guide in life. It is the fulfillment of our individual responsibilities

that gives true character to our lives.

It is not safe for men or women to conclude that because they have fulfilled carefully their public responsibilities they have done all that is required of them. Public requirements are changeable. Public demands vary with the times. Sometimes they are strict and sometimes they are very lax. Public sentiment becomes fickle and it is often indifferent to the conduct of individuals who take license from a public indifference to wrong doing. Individual responsibility is more concerned with the duties which men owe to their God whose requirements are positive and constant. When men feel that they are ever under an all-seeing eye, their conduct is measured in the strictest terms. They are not subject to lapses of public sentiment.

The first and highest standard of correct living is to be found in that individual responsibility which keeps men good for the truth's sake. It is not difficult for men who are true to themselves to be true to others. Men who honor God in their private lives do not need the restraint of public opinion which may not only be indifferent, but positively wrong. It is by the individual responsibilities which men feel that they are able to place themselves on the right side of all public questions. Those who neglect the inner life are dependent upon public guidance which leads them into all sorts of inconsistencies.

To walk safely and steadfastly without leaning upon the arm of flesh is the individual duty of every Latter-day Saint. Such a duty be-

comes a responsibility which men owe to themselves and to their God. The Saints should study their responsibilities, both public and individual, and find out if they can just what they are. Two men may have very different conceptions of their public obligations, because their individual duties have been so unlike. One has never lost his sense of individual responsibility; the other has felt no responsibility other than that imposed upon him by a passing public sentiment. How can those whose highest guide is public sentiment say when such a sentiment is right? Such persons are never steadfast. They babble when others babble, and they are driven about by every gale of public excitement. Such persons are never safe to follow, and their lives are full of inconsistencies.

The safe man always feels an individual responsibility which governs him in his intercourse with others, as well as in the privacy of his own life. He who stops to ask what others are doing before he acts for himself is easily blinded by the sophistries of his fellows. The blind lead the blind and both fall in the pit together.—*Joseph F. Smith.*

Christmas Giving.

A great deal has been said about the spirit of Christmas. When the shepherds went to the lowly cave-stable more than nineteen hundred years ago, they found the Holy Babe of Bethlehem wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. To the new-born King of the world the shepherds brought only their own devout and humble souls; they worshiped Him and praised God; and the Anointed One accepted the humble offering.

This was the spirit of Christmas.

On that first Christmas night the beautiful Christmas Child received gifts of devotion, of gratitude, of love, and of peace. And even later, when the kings of the East appeared to worship the Holy Child, they brought with them only gifts symbolic of devotion, of gratitude, of love, and of peace. They spread before the little King gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. And thus their simple act of worship was in accord with the song of the angels:

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace, good will toward
men."

This is indeed the Christmas spirit. It has been much distorted in modern times, however, till often we can with difficulty recognize it. Instead of devotion, there is oft-times neglect; instead of love there is enmity; instead of peace, there is discord. The simple and humble act of bestowing gifts of love and worship, has become a burden too great almost to bear. And so, many of us have lost the spirit of Christmas. We forget that it celebrates the birth of the Christ-Child, with all that His birth should mean to us. The season has become only one of giving and receiving. And often we give only to receive; sometimes we give because we think we are going to receive, and we do not want to be placed in an embarrassing position; often we buy cheap or expensive presents, as we expect or want the same in return; and nearly always, because we feel that we must give to everyone, and that we must give just as expensive things as we receive, Christmas giving becomes a burden, and the season a thing to be dreaded.

Let us return, then, to the spirit of the first Christmas. Praise God

and give glory to Him. Give presents in the spirit of gratitude and love. Let not the glorious festive season become a burden. Do not give more costly presents than you can really afford to buy. A simple Christmas card, accompanied with the true Christ spirit, is a far better gift than a rich, jeweled necklace bought with the means that should furnish forth the children's bread and meat.

Make the Christmas time a happy time. Cast aside the encumbering burdens. Let the watchword be Devotion and Simplicity.

"He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining
Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all
unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his
alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it
store
To the soul that was starving in darkness
before."

The Juvenile.

The close of the year 1909 is upon us. When the JUVENILE appears again, there will have dawned another day to follow hard upon the day now closing, and to continue its work. With the next number of our little magazine, its New Year of hopes and expectations will begin.

Whether or not we have succeeded during the year that is past, the readers of the JUVENILE must determine. That we have pleased everyone is impossible. That we have pleased many we hope. That we have pleased the children better than for some time past, we do believe. And after all, it is the children especially and the Sunday

School teachers, for whom we have tried to make a valuable and interesting magazine. We have striven to make the JUVENILE a magazine that the children would look for, and that Sunday School teachers would find helpful. We have selected the best of all the stories that have come to us, and have given them to our readers in the hope that they would be not only entertained but instructed by these stories. We feel that, on the whole, the JUVENILE has been during the past year the medium of conveying to the community much valuable matter of real literary worth.

However, the JUVENILE may not even yet have found its proper, legitimate field. We have no doubt that not all our readers have been pleased with our policy. We have received many words of praise and encouragement, 'tis true; so many that we may be justified in thinking that our work has not been all badly done. But we shall continue to endeavor to please *all* our readers even better than we have done heretofore. In the first place, we feel that the parents as well as the *children* should be interested in the JUVENILE. We shall endeavor then to furnish during the coming year a mass of material that will be of peculiar interest to both fathers and mothers. Next, we feel that the JUVENILE should be indispensable to all Sunday School workers. We shall endeavor to make it so by creating Sunday School departments that shall give to teachers just what they need, just when they need it. Then, of course, we hope to continue to interest the children and the general reader. In short, the JUVENILE, with your continued and undivided support, will become the best family magazine in the West.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS.

Kindergarten Department.

Edited by Marion A. Belnap.

The work given in this department is for the Kindergarten teacher. She must simplify and adapt it before she attempts to give it to the children. The teacher must enthruse the children with the thought suggested in the aim, she must not tell them the wording of the aim. The suggestions here are given to help the teacher develop and apply this aim or truth. She must prepare her lesson from the texts, commentaries, etc., and outline it to find in which parts the truth is emphasized. The reasons for not putting the lessons in story form are that it would possibly take away some of the teacher's individuality and also take away the in-

tellectual strength and power gained by the teacher in preparing and developing a lesson for herself. The aims given are suggestive, also.

TALKS.

Note: Nature work is necessary in the Kindergarten Department, but since this is the Sabbath School, let most of the time be spent developing the truth in the lesson and illustration. This development of the truth is most important. A great deal of the nature work may be given in connection with the songs. When the Kindergarten class meets separately for opening exercises, this two or three minute talk may be given before the sacrament, and followed by an exercise which will leave the children in a quiet position, ready for the administration of the sacrament.

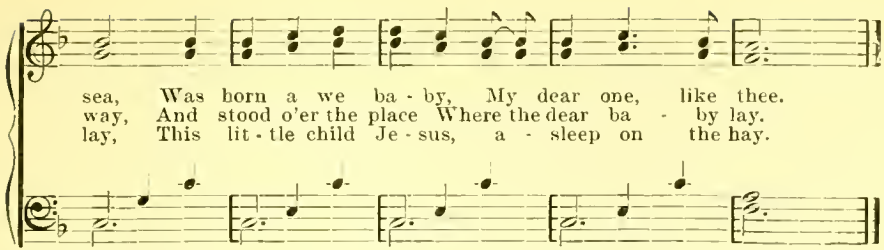
Christmas Cradle Song.

Music by Joseph Ballantyne.

Moderato.

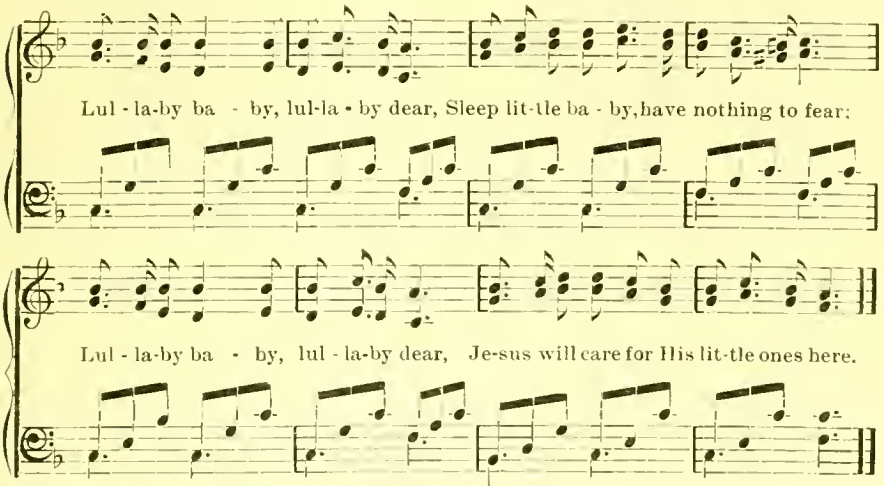
1. Oh, hush thee, my ba-by, a stor-y I'll tell, How lit-tle Lord
 2. The stor-y was told by the an-gels so bright, As round them was
 3. The shepherds here found Him as an-gels had said, This poor lit-tle

Je-sus on earth came to dwell; How in a far country, way over the
 shining a heav-en-ly light; The stars shone out brightly but one led the
 stranger no crib for a bed; Down low in a manger so quiet He



sea, Was born a we ba-by, My dear one, like thee.
 way, And stood o'er the place Where the dear ba-by lay.
 lay, This lit-tle child Je-sus, a-sleep on the hay.

CHORUS.



Lul-la-by ba-by, lul-la-by dear, Sleep lit-tle ba-by, have nothing to fear;
 Lul-la-by ba-by, lul-la-by dear, Je-sus will care for His lit-tle ones here.

Let the children play they are rocking their babies to sleep and singing this song to them. Let one arm be the babe and the other arm hold it.

DECEMBER—FIRST SUNDAY.

Subject—The Birth of Christ.

Text—Luke 1 and 2.

Aim—Loving and Giving.

For illustrative story see "Regina's Happy Christmas" by Katie Grover, in the JUVENILE for December, 1908.

This joyous spirit which the children have at Christmas time should be encouraged. What would we teachers give if we could only feel as happy at Christmas time, as we used to when we were children. We wish the children to keep that beautiful spirit of giving because they

love to give; we hope they will never get the give-and-take spirit which is so prevalent among the larger folks today. This joyous spirit is increased by a visit to the toy shop. Froebel has pictured to us this visit in his mother play of the Toyman.

We may dramatize a little visit to the toy shop in Sunday Kindergarten. I would suggest that teachers have only four or five articles on the shelves at once and that they help the children choose toys which are quiet in their nature, also that they do no buying—just look on. Teacher may choose a shop-keeper who explains what he has, etc. He lets the visitors see how the clock

goes (child moves arm for pendulum) after it is wound up. The watch says—tick, tick, the doll closes its eyes, the dog moves its head but says nothing, etc. Let this movement come from the child himself, perhaps with a suggestion, but not as an imitation of the teacher's movements. If teachers do not care to have the toy shop, use the toys as presents the children have at home.

DECEMBER—SECOND SUNDAY.

Subject—Visit of the shepherds.
Text—Luke 2:8-20.

Aim—A humble birth is no hindrance to greatness.

SUGGESTIONS.

That same night that Christ was born, the shepherds were watching their flocks not many miles from the khan at Bethlehem. We are told that none but the shepherds heard the beautiful strains of angel voices singing praises to God. They were guided into the khan by a lamp which usually swings from the center of a rope hung across the entrance of a khan. Shepherds in those days were quite different from those of today. Their flocks were small, and instead of driving them as the sheep herders do now, the shepherd went first and the sheep followed him. All the sheep knew the voice of their master and came and followed him when he called them. What great honors were conferred upon these the most lowly of God's people! Birth or station in life does not make the difference to the Heavenly Father that it sometimes makes to us. He looks upon the meek, the humble and the righteous.

Application—What can we do to keep ourselves humble? Even though we have plenty of money, how can we be humble? One way for a little child to keep humble is to speak kindly to and be glad to sit by little girls or boys whose clothes are possibly not so nice as his.

REST EXERCISE.

Clap, clap, all together clap.
This is the way we exercise upon a frosty day.

Nod, nod, all together nod, nod away.
This is the way we exercise, when teachers says we may.

Throw, throw, all together throw, throw away.

This is the way we exercise upon a snowy day.

Blow, blow, (blow on the fingers to get them warm) all together blow, blow away.

This is the way we exercise when teacher says we may.

The clapping should be done softly, and the throwing gently. This exercise may be sung to a simple tune, and the words adapted to the kind of day it is—sunny—cloudy—rainy—etc.)

Illustration, "How Little Cedric became a Knight."

HOW LITTLE CEDRIC BECAME A KNIGHT.

Long time ago there lived a little boy whose name was Cedric. At the foot of a high hill, on the top of which stood a grand castle, was the stone hut in which he lived. The little boy had many a time watched the knights as they came down the hill dressed in their shining armor. They were so noble and strong that everyone could trust them. Their very horses seemed proud to carry them as they galloped along. Little Cedric thought there never was anything more beautiful than these knights.

One day Cedric had been playing with his pet kitten. After a good romp with her, he had thrown himself down on the green grass to rest, and the queer little kitten had gone out into the middle of the dusty road and curled herself up for a nice nap. Suddenly Cedric looked up and saw five knights galloping down the road. In a moment more his eye fell upon the kitten lying fast asleep, in the middle of the road. Fearing that the horsemen would not see her, he sprang to his feet and gathered the soft little thing in his arms, just in time to save her from the horses' feet.

As the riders passed, one of the tall knights slackened his horse and smiling down upon Cedric, said, "My little fellow, you are almost brave enough to be a knight some day." He then galloped on to join his party.

Cedric stood looking after the horsemen until they seemed a mere speck in the distance. At last he turned to go into the house and as he went in he said softly, "To be a knight some day!" He ate his simple supper of bread and milk in silence. His mother noticed how quiet he was, but she said nothing, for she knew that in his own good time, he would tell her all that was in his heart.

That night he could hardly sleep, he was so happy. The next morning he helped feed the doves, water the cow, and bring hay for the horses. Then the would-be knight and his mother washed the dishes and tidied the two small rooms. When the mother started her sewing, Cedric went up to her and putting his arm around her neck, told her what the knight had said. She said that maybe it might happen but he was such a little boy now.

Once again, the good knight came

by and asked for a drink. Cedric ran quickly to a cool spring and brought him a fresh drink of water. The knight said "Thank you." Cedric said, "I am very glad to be able to serve you." The knight smiled as he said, "You are as courteous as a knight, my boy." That evening Cedric told his mother of this second speech and then he asked, "Ah, mother dear, do you think I can ever become a knight?"

A few years passed and one day the father came home and said that Sir Rollin Dubois wanted a young boy to come to the castle and be his page. The father asked the mother if she thought Cedric would be strong enough for such an office. "Yes," the mother said, "I think he would try to do his duty. Perhaps some day he too may become a knight." That very afternoon, Cedric went with his father up to the castle. Here he had simple food and a hard bed to sleep on, but he didn't mind that because he wanted to become hardy and strong. He had to practice standing very straight, running very swiftly, being able to manage a horse, to jump on and off while the horse was in full gallop, and to throw his spear accurately. He learned also that he must be prompt and ready to obey a call from Sir Rollin; that he must not only learn to do errands quickly and faithfully, but to wait patiently and quietly, oftentimes when he could not understand why he waited.

Soon Cedric grew tall and strong and when he went home, he laughed at the little bed in which he used to sleep. One day Sir Rollin told him that he wanted him to take a message to the king. Cedric was so happy to think that he had proved faithful enough to take a message to this great man. He was ready in

half an hour, and jumping on his splendid gray charger, he went galloping down the road. It was a long and tiresome ride. Once on his way he met a deformed old man, some boys were laughing at him. Cedric helped him on the large gray horse and gave him a ride to the village.

Soon Cedric came to the king's palace. He gave the note Sir Rolin had given him, to one of the courtiers to give to the king. In answer to the king's call, Cedric came and was told that because he had been so brave, so faithful, and so kind that he should become a knight. How happy he was to think that at last he was to be a real knight.

In time he had a castle of his own, splendid armor, and the most beautiful black horse you ever saw. After a while Cedric had a lovely wife and two or three sweet children of his own, and as he rode over the country, many of the peasants would say, "There goes the brave Sir Cedric. God bless him!"—Adapted.

DECEMBER—THIRD SUNDAY.

Subject—The visit of the wise men.

Text—Matt. 11:1-12.

Aim—The more we love, the more we give.

Time and Place.—The exact time of the arrival of the Wise Men is not known, but the Holy Family had moved from the khan into a house. It was here that the Wise Men came.

SUGGESTIONS.

It is the common belief that there were three wise men, and that they came from Arabia. One, an old man with white hair and a long

beard; one, a ruddy and beardless youth, and one, swarthy and in the prime of life. They brought with them gifts—gold, frankincense and myrrh, to offer to the new born King, to show their love and devotion to Him. Their long and tedious journey and the expense attached to it, all point to the fact that they had great interest in, and love for the new comer.

Application.—We need not give gifts that cost money to our loved ones, but we can give gifts of love and service. We can share our pieces of candy, our orange, or our toys with our playmates.

MEMORY GEM.

How blessed 'tis to give,
And they who give to others most,
Are the happiest ones that live.

Illustration, "Why the Chimes Rang."

DECEMBER—FOURTH SUNDAY.

Subject—Birth of Joseph Smith.

Text—Church History, Volume I. Cannon's Life of Joseph Smith, Chapter 1.

Aim—An humble birth is no hindrance to greatness.

Time—Just two days before Christmas time over a hundred years ago.

Place—A little town called Sharon, in Vermont. It is situated on a small hill. Today there is only a postoffice and a few other buildings in the business section of the town.

SUGGESTIONS.

Joseph Smith's forefathers came from England during the early settlement of America. It is probable that they came here for religion's sake. They made sturdy industrious farmers. Joseph's parents were

in humble circumstances at the time of his birth. The children can imagine the little home with just chairs, beds, and table, etc., no luxuries. It was winter time and possibly the children were wondering what Santa Claus would bring. Joseph was a splendid Christmas present for them all. We know how he grew up to be a great man, and nearly all the people all over the world have heard his name. All of our people love him very much. No matter how lowly and humble our homes are, we can become great just the same.

Application—We can keep ourselves humble by helping all our poorer friends. We can always speak a kind word to them.

Illustration, "A Poor Boy."

A POOR BOY.

George was a little boy who lived with his parents way over in England. His father ran an engine in one of the coal mines. He was a good man, temperate, industrious and true. His son George was a bright enterprising little fellow, with about as much steam in him as there was in the engine which his father tended. But there was no school for him, and only food and clothes enough to keep body and soul together. If all of his value had been in his clothes, he would have been too poor for description. But there were true riches under his jacket.

When he became nine years of age, he went to live with a farmer, to take care of his herd when grazing, at two pence (four cents) a day—less than some boys now pay each day for candy. Soon he was given eight cents a day for hoeing turnips. He did his work well and was rapidly promoted from one

kind of work on the farm to another. He was very ingenious. He made water wheels and windmills. After a while he made a small engine and he told his employer that some day he meant to own the best engine that was ever made and run it.

At fourteen, he became his father's assistant in running an engine in a coal mine, and this proved just the place for him. He soon learned all about the engine, and could take it to pieces and put it together again. But he could neither read nor write. When he was eighteen, however, an evening school for collier's children was opened and George was delighted to attend. In two years he could read, write and cipher the best of any boy in school. He was satisfied with no standing except the head. He must be best, if anything.

Step by step, he rose higher until 1814, when he was twenty three years of age, he built the best locomotive of that day and ran it on the Killingworth railway. "Better and better" was his motto, and in 1829, he received a prize for an engine that could run twenty-nine miles an hour, which was almost incredible rapidity for that day. He named it "The Rocket" because it shot over the track so fast.

In forty years from the time George watched the cattle at four cents a day, he was known all over Europe and America as the author of the great English Railway System—George Stephenson, Esq.—a public benefactor.

It was not the money that did it, for he had none. A distinguished father did not help him into fame, for his father was only a collier. Nor was it mere luck that pushed him onward and upward, for luck never helps anybody. What was it?

Pleasantries

TWO STRIKES.

"You told me that the light of your life had gone out when your wife died, and now you are going to be married again."

"Yes, I'm going to strike another match."

Reporter—To what do you attribute your great age?

Oldest Inhabitant—I hain't sure yet, sir. There be several o' them patent medicine companies as is bargaining with me.

"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?" asked his hostess. "No, ma'am." "Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?" "Oh, she wouldn't care," said Willie, confidentially; "this isn't her pie."—Christian Work.

HUMAN.

The young man, leading a dog by a string, lounged up to the ticket-office of a railway-station and inquired:

"Must I—aw—take a ticket for a puppy?"

"No; you can travel as an ordinary passenger," was the reply.—*Universalist Leader*.

FISHERMAN'S LOGIC.

"Paddy, my boy," said Mr. X. to an Irishman whom he observed fishing away at a favorite pool, "that must be a fine stream for trout."

"Faith, and sure and it must that same," cried Paddy. "I have been standing here these three hours, and not a one of 'em will stir out of it."

GUILTY.

In an assault and battery case tried in a Cleveland court the prosecuting witness testified at length that the defendant had knocked him senseless and had then kicked him for several minutes.

"If this man's attack rendered you unconscious," demanded the magis-

trate, "how is it that you know he kicked you when you were down?"

This question seemed to floor the witness. He was lost in reflection for some moments; then, brightening, he replied:

"I know it, Your Honor, because that's what I would have done to him if I'd got him down."

A BORN POET.

A young "supply" in one of our country Presbyterian churches was preaching on 'Following Your Bent.' He cited many cases, among them that of the celebrated writer of hymns, Isaac Watts, who persisted against his father's wishes. The young minister attempted to quote the familiar lines uttered by young Watts when his father was trying to thrash the "jingles" out of him:

"O Father, pray, some mercy take
And I will no more verses make."

But he started with the last line, and then was "stumped" to conclude. He could not recall the other line out of its place, and to save the situation, as he fondly believed, extemporized with earnest pains:

"I will no more verses make
If you your hands from off my pants
will take."

NOTHING MORE TO SAY.

R. E. C., a successful undertaker of New York, tells this story on himself:

"When I began this business I had an old typewriter, and one day asked a friend who was in the typewriter business to bring me a new ribbon."

"No," said he, 'I won't. But I will bring you one of our new model machines.'

"Don't do it," said I. 'Just bring me a ribbon; my machine is all right.'

"No," said he firmly, 'I will bring you this new model; you have got to have it.'

"Now, see here, Charlie," I expostulated angrily, 'don't be foolish. I want to buy your goods, but you have got to give me a chance to get on my feet!'

"What chance," he demanded, 'do you give your customers to get on their feet?'

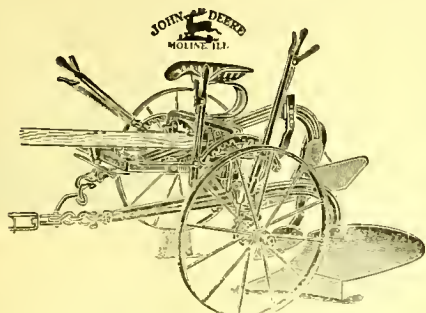
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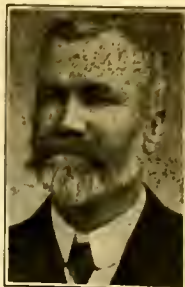
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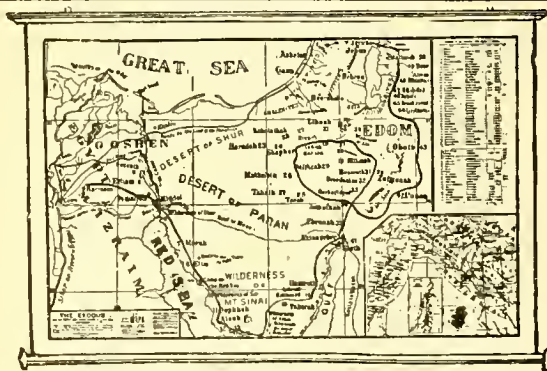
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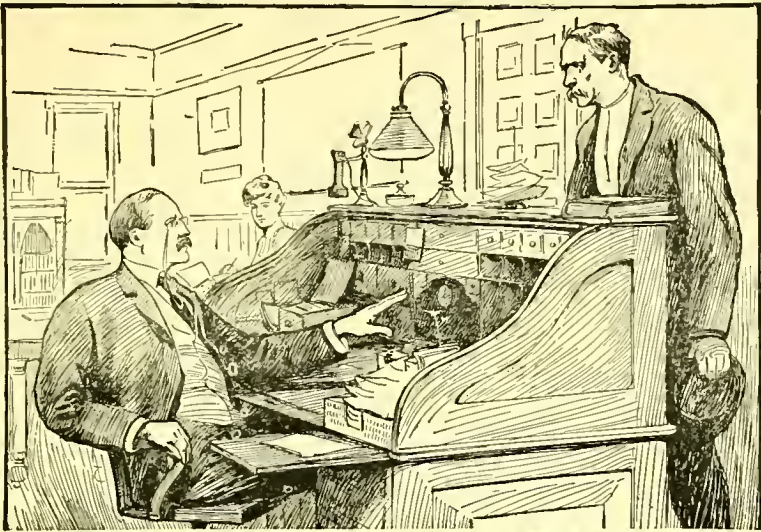
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